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Agricultural.

ENSILAGE.

L. D. Rucker, of Grosse Ile, who is feeding over 100 head of dairy cows, besides a number of other stock, has been putting up ensilage for three seasons. Last season he had a stone silo erected, with walls two feet thick, partly underground, with concrete floor, capable of containing 150 tons. This he filled with green corn fodder, weighing it heavily on top. He began feeding it early last winter, and continued it until all was consumed. He was so well satisfied with the result that this season he built another silo, this time of wood, using heavy oak plank, and covering the inside with roofing paper so as to exclude all air, the roof being made of flooring, tongued and grooved, and everything done in a substantial and careful manner. This silo is about six feet under ground and six feet above, with folding doors opening outwards into which he can drive his teams. The capacity is also 150 tons, and he has just begun feeding from it. It was filled early in September, and when opened the other day the contents were in such excellent condition that there was not an ounce of waste. It was as green as when first cut, and the stock evinced every token of appreciation when it was fed out to them. As to cost, the first season, he thought the stone building had been costly, he was more than satisfied upon that score, and with the difference in outlay for the wooden silo, which in all respects answers equally well, and is good for twenty-five years at least, he is certain the balance on the right side of the ledger will be still larger this season. The two silos were filled from about 15 acres of ground, an average of about 25 tons to the acre. To secure this yield of fodder Mr. Rucker sent down to Georgia for some seed corn of a large variety, and it grew with a vengeance. He spoke of making so large that a boy climbed up one five feet from the ground without its breaking. The growth of leaves and stalks was enormous, and tested a Ross Ballou cutter severely to cut it. Mr. Rucker thinks he can feed six cows all winter upon the produce of an acre, reinforced with a little dry food, and have them keep up a good flow of milk and come out in good condition in the spring. He is the first farmer in the State who has, to our knowledge, thoroughly tested the question of the value of ensilage as food, as well as the best methods of preserving it. Last spring when it gave out he said his cows at once showed a decrease in the flow of milk. He will stick to ensilage so long as results continue as good as they have so far with him.

SELECTING VARIETIES FOR THE ORCHARD.

More has been written and talked upon this subject than upon any other, and perhaps upon all other horticultural topics combined. The time was in the history of our State when this subject would seem more pertinent. Could the experience of the last twenty years have been foreseen, and all the lessons outlined in the suggestions formulated previous to that time, many mistakes that are now past remedy would not have been made. Michigan was then the paradise of tree agents. The knowledge of varieties was such as had been gathered in the eastern States, and this the new settlers blindly supposed could be applied here as well as there. "Rochester" varieties could furnish their familiar notes, and they monopolized the business, and so more than half the trees planted in the State unless they have been grafted, are unproductive and unprofitable. The trouble comes in educating the people by experience. They are likely to cling to a preconceived notion, and a practical experience has demonstrated its futility. When this experience takes half one's active and practical life, there is not much time or inclination

left to start anew on the line of more practical methods.

I am led to consider this topic by recently seeing a list of varieties of apples selected for an orchard of 100 trees. It is as follows: Twenty Baldwin, 15 Greening, 10 King, 10 Spy, 10 Twenty Ounce, 10 Russett, five Fall Pippin, five Talman Sweet, five Red Astrachan, five Seek-no-further and five of early varieties.

This list, one may fairly suppose, is calculated to comprise what is generally termed a family orchard, with an incidental market character—that is, an orchard where enough shall be grown for family use and some for market. Now with the experience of the past twenty years before us, there are but twenty trees in the list that will pay for the ground they stand on, for the latter purpose, except in exceptional cases and very favorable circumstances. The twenty Baldwin trees will give a good return on almost all the different soils of the State, but the other varieties are five times too large. If I were to set the hundred trees I should call for 75 Baldwins, and divide the 25 into 20 varieties, expressly for the use of the family and farm. The nurseryman might call me notional, and perhaps harder names, but I could convince him, as I can every other sensible person, that I should be right. It might be difficult to procure the twenty or more sorts I should require; in that case I should set some hardy sort, as Duchess or Spy, and graft the kinds on them that I desired. The tastes of persons for apples are not identical, any more than their tastes in other matters, and the object should be to gratify as much as possible their different tastes. In the first place, a succession of apples for the season will require three for winter and five for summer. For each of these we need a sweet, a mild and an acid fruit, and this will make 24 varieties to suit the season and tastes of different individuals. Not one farm orchard in ten in the State furnishes apples to sell, and out of the one hundred or more the orchards will average, not one in five is a productive tree. Take the orchards as they will run and there will be a lot of nondescript fruit that no one would take for the gathering, and yet somebody is still thinking the variety is valuable, and would set the tree in a collection for an orchard. I am aware that sorts succeed according to locality. Thus in the eastern part of the State the Fameuse is highly prized and it keeps well into winter. I have two trees that drop their fruit in September, they soon wither and the hogs devour them. Autumn Strawberry is too scabby and I seldom get a single fair specimen, yet it is thought much of elsewhere. Greenings begin to drop here in September, and the promise of even a moderate crop is usually disappointing. From 18 trees this year I gathered but three barrels of marketable apples. Then I have a row of Swaar which are scraggy trees and produce a few nubbins apples. Rambo, ditto. Large trees of Holland Pippin, give perhaps a peck of apples each—some succumbed to hard winters and dry summers, except three trees which I have topped to Baldwin. Vandervere, ditto. A variety called Western Spy makes good missiles to throw at squirrels; have grafted the row, except two trees which are left as an evidence of the total depravity of those nurserymen who continue to propagate a fine growing tree, regardless of the quality of the fruit. I wanted a fine summer variety to succeed Early Harvest, and the Bononi was advertised to fill the bill. I procured some scions and set them. They drop before they are ripe. I have three large trees of Spitzenburg in an old orchard, but my knowledge of the fruit is limited to an indistinct memory of them in Western New York when I was a boy. The fruit of Peck's Pleasant is excellent but apt to be irregular. The tree is a shy bearer and unprofitable. Two trees in the hundred are enough.

I have indicated some of the varieties I would not set for an orchard, and here are some that I would have: Baldwins, as many as you can afford room for, and then calculate to top-graft a lot more. This is all I would set for market. For eating, cooking, and a few to show at the fairs one has a wide range for selection. For winter I would have Canada Red and Jonathan. Then there is Seek-no-further, Hubbardston, Tallman Sweet for baking; Greening and Peck's Pleasant—all good. A tree or two of each is enough. For early fruit Red Astrachan and Sweet Bough are the extremes of goodness, with a lot between, such as Early Harvest, Primrose, &c. Summer fruit is more plenty and a larger choice is presented. Chenango Strawberry, both in tree and fruit, is all that can be desired. Duchess of Oldenburg, St. Lawrence, Maiden's Blush, Flower of Geneva, President, Pomme Royal and Porter, are all good. The list of autumn fruit is fuller yet. The Pippins are numerous and generally fruitful. Alexander is showy and good if kept until fully ripe. Early winter varieties are supplied by Belmont, Fall Seek-no-further and Jonathan. When one sets fruit before his guests, it should be in variety, so that the diverse tastes of people can be gratified. A plate of Russets would not be very tempting.



MERINO RAM PREMIER (C. P. C. 138), OWNED BY J. EVARTS SMITH, YPSILAN MI First fleece, 20 lbs. 2 oz.; 2d fleece, 28 lbs. 2 oz.; third fleece, 34 lbs. Weight in full fleece, 180 lbs. This ram was bred by C. P. Crane, of Vermont, and was sired by Rip Van Winkle (535) dam bred by C. P. Crane, and sired by C. P. C. 93 (156); second dam by Buck's Mountain (247).

Ben Davis from its appearance might ogle a stranger into cutting it, but the halves left would be the measure of its eating quality. Apples are given in great variety that we may gratify individual preferences and we should please ourselves in the selection rather than the nurseryman.

EXPERIMENT WITH MANURE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

So much has been said and written of late about the surface application of manure, that last spring I was induced to experiment a little. To determine for myself if my practice had been altogether wrong, which was to plow the manure under as soon as possible after hauling and spreading, I prepared two plots of equal size, and used the same amount and quality of rotted barnyard manure upon each. On one plot the manure was plowed under as soon as spread. On the other it was applied to the surface and well mixed with the same by thorough harrowing. The two plots were then planted with corn, and received cultivation precisely alike through the season. In October the corn was husked and weighed. Allowing 70 lbs. in the ear per bushel, the surface manured plot produced 65 58-70 bushels per acre. The one with the manure plowed under produced 74 51-70 bushels, yielding within a fraction nine bushels the most. I conclude the old practice of plowing under manure is a good one, for this season at least.

Some seed was also planted to determine the length of root growth, or rather to find out how large the top must be before the roots would reach the manure covered six to eight inches deep with soil. When the corn was two inches high with two open leaves, the roots were found to have penetrated to the depth of six to nine inches, thus refuting the assertion of the advocates of surface manuring, that much of the value of the manure plowed under was lost to the growing corn crop, because the roots could not reach it until late in the season.

One thing in regard to the growth of the two plots surprised me very much, and that was that all the first of the season, until the plants were from 18 inches to two feet high, the plot where the manure was covered was very much in advance, and looked as though it would be the best by two to one. Perhaps another season's experience may make a different showing from the above. I intend to repeat the experiment.

C. ENGLE.

Michigan Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association.

The fifth annual meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association will be held in the State capitol building at Lansing, commencing Tuesday, December 16, 1884. Secretary W. J. G. Dean of Hanover, Jackson Co., sends us the following programme which has been arranged for the meeting:

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION, 7:30 O'CLOCK.

Report of committee on programme. President's address, S. B. Hammond, Kalamazoo.

Reading of minutes of last annual meeting. Appointment of committees.

Miscellaneous discussion.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION, 9 O'CLOCK.

Form of the Merino Sheep—Uniformity and How to Obtain It—Geo. Stuart, Grand Blanc.

Discussion.

General Management of a Stud Flock—A. A. Wood, Saline.

Discussion.

Benefits of Association in Breeding—R. D. M. Edwards, Horton.

Discussion.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 2 O'CLOCK.

Report of Secretary.

Report of Treasurer.

FASHION IN SHORTHORN BREEDING.

NO. VII.

THE COLOR "MANIA."

Of the various whims that have been followed by a majority of Shorthorn breeders, and been adhered to tenaciously until to be successful it was necessary to follow the fashion, none perhaps has been so rampant as that of breeding for the color. There perhaps has not been a fashion in any form against which there has been so much said, and written, as this one. English breeders have raised their protest and declared that the breeding for red color was not in accordance with the practices of their forefathers, and that the custom so universally prevalent in our country was sure to bring ruin and disaster to the Shorthorn breeding business. They have raised before our gaze visions of the white and red roan ancestors and declared them examples worthy of our imitation. Well executed portraits of the famous bulls Comet, Foljambe, Belvedere, Commander in Chief, and others that were nearly white are held before us and it is said to us: "Look at the work of the noble founders of the breed and see that the white belongs to Shorthorns and that the red is a foreign element." We in response call on the visions of the yellow-red Hubbard, J. Brown's Red Bull, the speckled Kitton and the red and white Duchesses of an early day, and our opponents will declare that "there might have been a few red Shorthorns in the beginning but there is no just reason for making the red color universal." Our English cousins are fond of mentioning the fact whenever a white animal reaches a distinctive point. To illustrate we will copy a quotation from John Thornton's circular (a London, England, publication).

"J. Outhwaite's well known bull, Royal Windsor (29898), has recently been sold to the butcher. He was one of the handsomest bulls of his day, white in color. He won upwards of \$2,500 in prizes. The excellence of this bull, both as an animal of substance and quality, and as a good sire, was such that it was a serious loss to the country that he was not more used. At the business sale, in 1874, Mr. Outhwaite placed the prohibited reserve of \$25,000 on him, and his fee for service was \$250."

We find by careful research that this red "mania" is not of recent origin, nor does it belong exclusively to America. One of the best informed Shorthorn writers, Francis M. Rotch, as early as 1833 says: "White is sometimes objected to, under the impression that it is apt to spread through the herd and overpower the other colors; but this fear is more common in this country than in England, where white bulls are often used. Fashion has vindicated the rich red and purple roan as the most desirable colors, and after them red."

However presumptuous American breeders may have seemed to their English friends in respect to the red color, they are free to admit that the tide of progress has been more rapid in this country than in their native country. While the cry by many has been against the color, it has been growing in favor, and has been like the kite that rises against the wind and not with it. All the talk of the older breeders against it has not lessened the desire in the minds of the younger breeders for it.

The fact that an animal is covered with a coat of red hair does not prove that the flesh that grows under it is of any better quality than that grown under white hair, and vice versa; but as long as the Shorthorns are bred by the wealthy as well as by the common farmer, and used as creatures that they can mold to their fancy in color, as well as in many other respects, the red color, which to many is the most beautiful, will be sought for. For several reasons will this be the case, one of which is the fact that the white when introduced is likely to overpower the other colors. Another is that it is much easier to breed red cattle by coup-

ling red sires and red dams than to breed roans by the use of roan sires and roan dams, as in that case there seems to be a predisposition to run to white.

It is said that in the earlier years of Thomas Bates's career as a breeder of Shorthorns, his cattle were largely red, and that when he bought Belvedere (1706) to use on his Duchesses, one of the reasons for his selecting him as a sire, was on account of his light color, that would be likely to break up the monotonous red that was objected to by most English breeders at the time. Whether Mr. Bates got so much of the red from herding his cattle with the West Highland cattle that he fed at the time, or that he did actually use a cross occasionally of these red cattle we do not feel safe in saying; but the fact that he bought Belvedere as a cross on account of his light color, and subsequently the Matchless cow, the progenitor of the Oxfords, that he used continuously on his Duchesses, is proof that he was not entirely above the habit of catering to fashion.

We do not believe that the almost universal preference for red among American breeders comes from a desire to imitate Thomas Bates in his early days, but the demand seems to have been imperative by those who were purchasers; and it has become a matter of necessity that breeders should produce such as would sell best. Notwithstanding the cry of many of the old breeders has been against red color the younger breeders have ignored their warning, and made their practice comply with what they considered their best business interests. One might as well undertake to persuade the young American to wear sheep's gray colored pants to-day because his father or grandfather did as to persuade him to breed his Shorthorns to a white bull simply because his grandfather or the Collings Brothers of England did.

Because there is a demand for Shorthorns that are red it is not a matter of necessity that the essential points of usefulness should be neglected. We do not believe this has been the case. While we do not meet with as many breeders now as twenty years ago, who are aiming to breed monstrous large animals, we find more—scores to one—who are breeding cattle that will produce more beef for the same amount of feed given, and are producing beef of a better quality than they were twenty years ago. There is no reason to be sighing for the return of the good old days of our forefathers in this any more than in any other business; for while there may have been times within the last few years, when it seemed as though this whim of fashion in color was carried to a great extreme, we find by conversing with a number of the largest breeders in our State that some of the best prices reached at private sale within the last year have been for roan cows and heifers. This fact shows very clearly that breeders have not lost their sense wholly on this color question, and that a good animal of another color than red is likely to be appreciated. Should the fashion of fifty years ago return, (which we do not think is likely to be the case), and the demand should again be for the roans, it will be as much a matter of necessity that breeders produce cattle of that color to supply that demand as it is for a merchant to buy such goods to sell as to his customers as they will be likely to want.

(To be continued.)

WHILE at the Chicago Fat Stock Show, Prof. Johnson, of the State Agricultural College, attended the cattle sales at Dexter Park and made the following purchases to add to the College herd of Shorthorns: Imp. Red Rose of Derwent, a Rose of Sharon; Jennie Baldwin, a Young Mary; Lady Catherine, a Princess; Victoria 71st and Meadow Belle, a Young Phyllis, two years old.

Mr. H. H. Hynds, of Stanton, Montcalm County, has added to his herd of Shorthorns a fine two years old heifer, Butterfly 41st, which he purchased at the recent sales at Dexter Park.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS.

A Visit to the Breeding Farm of R. C. Auld, Dexter, Washtenaw Co.

Within the life time of thousands of the young men of the period who have not yet arrived at an age when they can go to the polls and there deposit a ballot for free government and the inherent rights of man, our country has made rapid strides; strides so wonderful and marvelous that our nation has almost become the eighth wonder of the world. While the advance in other material interests has been so great, in none has more rapid advance been made than in the breeding of live stock. This important feature of our nation's wealth has been well cared for in our own State, and the change in sentiment regarding thoroughbred stock has been quite radical. So much so is this the case that there is hardly a township in the State in which thoroughbred stock is not bred, and most of its rich pastures are grazed by either full blood or graded stock.

Our route for the last eighteen months has taken us over much of the richest as well as some of the poorest portions of the State, and we have rejoiced as we gazed on the grand and massive Durham, the symmetrical Hereford, the shaggy coated hornless Galloways, the black and white Holsteins, and the mild eyed, butter-producing Jersey; the thoroughbred running and trotting horses, the heavy Clyde, and the popular Percherons, and have thought of the time not far distant when this State, so much favored by Nature, should take precedence in them all. There is room for all, and for more of them.

Some four years ago Mr. R. C. Auld, a nephew of the late Wm. McCombie, of Tillyfour, Scotland, came to this country, and after an extended trip, in which he saw much to admire, came to the conclusion that this land should be his home. Determined on this he left his native heath, shipped a portion of his high bred herd of Polled Aberdeen-Angus, and landed in Detroit in the early part of this summer. After travelling over a portion of the State in search of a farm, and not finding a location to suit him, he remembered forming the acquaintance on ship-board of Mr. C. R. Mabley, and was by him introduced to Mr. George W. Snover, a dealer in real estate in this city, and through him his present location was purchased. The farm is situated partly in Washtenaw and partly in Livingston counties, two of the most favored ones in our State, by location, climate and soil. The farm comprises 250 acres of timbered grain and grass land, and as it in many of its surroundings reminds Mr. Auld of his Scottish home he has christened it

EDENBARROCK.

Eden meaning garden, and darrock oak. Two and a half miles to the north is the little enterprising village of Pinckney, just awakened from its lethargy of years by the completion of the Michigan Air Line, a part of the Grand Trunk railway system, the directors of which have put out their claws, clutched the British capitalists, and swallowed millions of their gold. This road places him within a little more than one hour's ride from Detroit, the commercial metropolis of the State. To the south, four miles, is the village of Dexter, a station on the M. C. R. R., distant from Detroit 47 miles, and 238 from Chicago. The surface of the farm is somewhat rolling and undulating, some marsh, and the soil a gravelly loam. The timber is oak principally, but other kinds are found in profusion. The farm borders upon Portage Lake, a beautiful sheet of water four miles in length by one mile in width, that is largely resorted to by parties of ladies and gentlemen in summer time from Ann Arbor, Detroit, and other places, and where they while away the heated summer time in boating and fishing, fine fish abounding in the lake. The point selected by such parties for their camping ground is called the "Bluff," and is the highest part of the farm that borders on the lake. It is a place particularly adapted for such a resort, being high, commanding a view of the whole lake, and covered with a rich growth of timber, affording shelter from the summer heat, while at the base and near the shore flows from a spring a bounteous supply of mineral water for which is claimed rare medicinal qualities. The tourist and visitor can find much to gratify his sight as he gazes upon "Prospect Hill," the highest point in this part of the State, upon the wooded shores that meet the water's edge, upon the ripples that flick the lake, while resting quietly away from the noise of the outside world.

Extensive buildings, in keeping with such a stock farm, are in contemplation and will soon be erected, for we imagine it would cause a smile on the face of Mr. Auld's friends "at home" if they should find him living in a log house, as we did. But he is jolly and light-hearted as he shows us his herd, his farm, which he intends to make purely a Scotch one, keeping none but Scottish stock, and also points out the location of his contemplated new buildings, the little peach orchard, and where the grapes will grow that shall tempt his friends to call early and often. The herd of cattle which he imported to

the number of 26 head are here called Polled Aberdeen-Angus, at home are "Buchan Hummies," Buchan derived from bo, Gaelic, (bo, Latin,) so named at the time of the withdrawal of the Romans from Britain, from its paying great tribute of oxen; "hummie" being used in the ninth century to describe hornless cattle. This word is Buchan, and being always applied to Buchan cattle proves the very great antiquity of the Aberdeens.

Aberdeen, the shire in which their home in Scotland is situated, lies in the northeastern portion, has a varied surface, a granite foundation, and towards the sea is mountainous and broken. Buchan is very level, flat and bare. The interior portions have varied soils and the worst climate in Britain, and here, at an elevation of 400 to 700 feet above the sea, with the cold blasts in winter direct from the Polar regions, where no wheat and but little barley is raised, where the principal crops are oats, peas and turnips, may be found the most hardy race of cattle in the world, and at the same time one of the most useful breeds of cattle, which is steadily gaining in favor with the public. The essential characteristics of this breed are a lack of horns, or even nubbins or scurs, their black color with little white (only allowable on udder), though a slight tinge towards a brown or dun is admissible; a symmetry entirely different from the massive Shorthorn, and more nearly approaching the Hereford or Devon; long, level bodies, low set on fine limbs, with small bones, fine heads and tails, roundness of outline and evenness of form, not square and blocky, no tendency to take on fat in lumps upon rump and sides. They are not of large size but of great weight, have soft fine coats, therefore are good handlers, long quarters, level and thick, swelling downwards, thick, deep thighs, wide and deep chest, level, broad backs, and with soft pliable hide, and a rich and even coating of flesh. The males have heads not large but handsome and neat, fine muzzle, expressive and slightly prominent eyes, ears of fair size well covered with hair, and a "high poll," neck fairly long, moderate crest, shoulder blades sloping well back and fitting nicely into the body, ribs springing out of back like staves in a barrel, etc., and it can be claimed and proved that this breed is second to no other for early maturity and hardness of constitution. They also excel in the standard of English butchers, for their excellent quality of flesh, it being well marbled, and may be called the best in the world. In hardness of constitution they are unsurpassed, and they thrive well in those uplands where the Shorthorns could not. These cattle have always been famed for their beef, and we notice in the stock reports found in the North British Agriculturist, Edinburgh, Scotland, and the Live Stock Journal, of London, England, that the quotations for this breed lead invariably those of any other type of cattle. They also mature early, a very essential feature in beef cattle, and can be fed up to 1,250 to 1,500 pounds at the age of two years. At the Smithfield Fat Cattle Show in 1881, Sir William Gordon Cumming took the champion steer and female prizes with two animals under two years and eight months, and in 1888 Mr. Stephenson, of Newcastle, took the prizes at all the provincial shows with a two year and seven months heifer that weighed 1,897 lbs., while a three years and six months Hereford scaled 1,615 lbs. In disposition they are kind and docile, the females very fair milkers, they are also good mothers, while the males are strong and prepotent to such a degree that when crossed with any other thoroughbred or grade the get closely resembles the sire. The famous ox shown by Mr. Coleman at the Smithfield Show was a cross between the Aberdeen and Shorthorn, and this brought Aberdeen males into great repute.

In this importation of Mr. Auld's are found some of the choicest animals of the Tillyfour herd of the late Sir Wm. McCombie, and comprise females of all those well known tribes, viz., the premier tribe of the breed, the Pride of Aberdeen, about ten branches of the Tillyfour Queen tribe, four families of Kiellor foundation, Mrs. Watson, Lark Erica, Favorite, Princess, and other almost equally celebrated families. In fact there is no breeder in Scotland who can show so many valued strains in one herd. In the MICHIGAN FARMER of October 14th appeared the following, which shows that no expenditure of "golden ducats" enters into calculation when new blood is wanted for the herd:

"As lately noted Mr. R. C. Auld, of Pinckney, this State, who comes from the very fountain head of the favorite cattle with which he has been long connected, has just added a very valuable heifer to his herd. This is Eximia-Erica, which cost at public auction 320 guineas. He also received another cablegram while in Detroit this week, intimating that his agent, Mr. James Whyte, has purchased at the sale of Mr. Thomas Ferguson, Kinloch, Scotland, one of the latter's finest Princesses, Princess 8th, a full sister to Princess 6th, which went the round of the fairs in the fine herd of Mr. Redfield, of Batavia, N. Y., and swept everything before her. Princess 6th is by the finely bred bull Shuh (800), bred at Tillyfour, Scotland. This bull was awarded first in the class of aged bulls at the Dumfries Highland Society show in 1876, at which show Princess 6th was also first as a yearling. (Continued on eighth page.)

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, particularly towards the edges. The right edge of the page is dark, suggesting the binding or the edge of the book. There is no text or other markings on the page.

GRAPES BEST STOCK
IN THE
WORLD
BARS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-
S. JOSSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

Chester Whites.

A MOS, C. CHAPSE, "River Grove" stock farm, Grand Blaine, Genesee Co., breeder and shipper of pure-bred Improved Chester White best strains. Stock for sale. 1770-72

C. A. SEARING, Proprietor of the Walnut Grove Stock Farm, Lyons, Ionia Co., breeder and shipper of the choicest strains of Chester White Stock. Also bred and shipper of pure horn cattle. Correspondence solicited. 26-15

W. W. TUBBS, Delhi Mills, Wheatboro Co., breeder of pure Suffolk and of Chester White Swine. Choice stock for sale. 1770-72

Essex.

A. GENESSEE, breeder and shipper of pure bred Essex swine. Stock for sale in pairs not skin. 1770-72

Cheshires.

L. W. FICH, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Cheshires. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 07-17

W. TIESWORTH, Millington, Tuscon Co., breeder and shipper of Improved Cheshire Swine—a specialty. Order early. Correspondence solicited. 12a-17

HORSES.—Draft and Trotting.

A. LONZO SESSIONS, Grand River Valley Stock Farm, Ionia, breeder of Cleveland Bay, Coach and Roadster horses. Imported Dalemans in the stud. m97-15

A. PHILLIPS, Danville, Ingham Co., breeder of Clyde-cleaved horses. Imported Earl Dean more, Young Chancellor, Young Marquis, and Young Campaign in the stud. Young stallions and stock for sale. 137-17

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Poetry

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The Outside World on a winter's morning—
See what a splendor is round you spread!
Diamonds, all of the trees adorning,
Glisten and gleam just above your head;
Crisp is the air, and the white froth gathers
Swift as the flow of your quick breath—
Give me, among all the world's glad weather,
This when the green earth sleeps in death.

Over us, blue as the boundless ocean,
Stretches the space of an azure sea,
Far on its bosom, with ever-like motion,
The last of a cloud fleet fade and flee.
Silence and sleep are the masters here;
Yet over the world is the glad sun glowing,
Life, and the glories of life are near!

Close to the casement the white doves, cooling,
Cold as the snow that chills their feet,
Come for your welcome, with eager wooing,
Beggling the crumbs that you gladly mete.
Typical, they, of the world about you,
Out of its want and its neediness come,
Though in the garner of good it doubt you,
Calling, as they, for your scanty crumbs.

You in your home-life, warm and cheery,
Now as the Christmas-tide draws near,
Think of the world that is bleak and dreary,
Needy, forlorn, in the cold close by!
Out of your scanty leavings lend—
Hark for the cry that is heard without,
Splendor and beauty may gleam and glisten,
But souls be needy, and sick with doubt.

O for the sweetness of Youth's free grace!
O for the flow of the Christmas grace
Out, where the want of the world is living,
Into the hunger of every place!
O for a time when the Christmas spirit,
Precious as love, in all hearts imparts,
Seeing the need and the hunger near,
Shall bless with its bounty the Outside World!

AUTUMN.

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the fall—
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the Autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

—Bayard Taylor.

Miscellaneous.

DR. JERROLD.

The following manuscript having come into my possession, I am permitted to publish it on the sole condition that I am to substitute fictitious names and places as they appeared in the original, and it is almost needless to add, to this condition I have most cheerfully submitted:

PART I.

Some years ago business called me to the city of Marseilles. Having never visited the French capital, and having a few days to spare, I spent them in Paris, enjoying the sights of the gay city before continuing my journey to the south. The days passed rapidly, as all happy days do, and one evening I found myself in the Gare de Lyon seated in a first-class carriage waiting for the train to start. The days were long at this time of the year, and it being still quite light, I could discern my only neighbor to be a man of fifty, perhaps, and obviously a gentleman. His eyes struck me as being his most remarkable feature; they were beautiful eyes, and yet a quivering of the lids, the vacant way in which he looked at me, and many other signs which I knew well how to interpret, told me they were defective in strength. I judged that he could see me, for when I moved his eyes followed my motion, but I was persuaded that he could not distinguish my features or expression without the aid of the glasses which hung suspended by a silken cord. The warning-bell sounded, and the customary "on voiture" and slamming of doors ensued. Suddenly a man's face was thrust into the carriage, and after a quick glance at my opposite neighbor's own stopped at and took his seat in a far corner. The new comer brought no luggage with him—not even an umbrella or a cane. I remember this impression as being odd at the time, but as the man pulled his cap down over his rather handsome face, and kept his profile toward me, I gave him no further attention. The train started, and running rapidly, we had probably gone thirty miles before it began to grow dark. Monotonous motion and the subdued light had caused a drowsy feeling to come gradually over me; I settled my head comfortably back against the cushions and prepared to sleep. I glanced at my dark neighbor in the far corner. Apparently he was already in the land of dreams; then I closed my eyes. Some minutes may have elapsed, and I was half-conscious that I was fast asleep when something—what, I cannot tell—caused me to open my eyes with a start. My far-off neighbor had returned in haste from the land of dreams; he was in the act of rising; a most rapid movement brought him to my opposite neighbor's side; he grasped the elderly gentleman's throat, thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, and something white flashed before my eyes. His object evidently accomplished, the ruffian endeavored to retreat to his own side of the carriage, but the assaulted gentleman now held him in a grasp like iron. As I rose to assist the elderly party the man of the soft hair raised his clenched fist in the air—down it came, with such terrific force that the sound of the blow fairly sickened me—then he tore himself away, threw open the door of the carriage and jumped from the flying train. That was all. It was all over in a few seconds. Before I had time to collect my astonished thoughts the number of passengers had been decreased by one. When the power of action returned to me I turned my attention to my fellow-traveller, who lay groaning on the opposite seat, seemingly stunned by the blow he had received. I wiped the blood from his face with my handkerchief, and he muttered some words in French, which my limited knowledge of the language did not permit me to understand. He pointed then to the electric button by which train hands are communicated with; I obeyed

his gesture, and, touching it, in the course of a few minutes an employe came back to see what was wanted, and my neighbor held an excited conversation with him, of which I understood not a word. The employe pressing the button several times in a peculiar manner, the train gradually came to a halt. The engineer appeared on the scene, with other train officials and several passengers, who, in an inexplicable way, had scented something out of the usual run. Another consultation was held, then the train began to back, at first slowly, then with ever-increasing rapidity. Our compartment was now filled with a gesticulating and excited crowd, all talking at once, and no one apparently paying the least attention to what anybody else was saying. As we approached the spot where the man was supposed to have leaped to his death the train slackened speed, and many anxious eyes were searching for some remnants of him as might still be in existence. Enterprising employes ran parallel with the train, searching on each side to a distance of 50 feet. This manner of proceeding was continued until it became certain that the spot must have been passed where the assault took place, and as no man, either dead or alive, had been found, and as it was now quite dark, the search had to be abandoned, and the "rapide" forged ahead once more. In the confusion I managed to slip forward into another carriage. I knew the natural delay that would attend the investigation of such an affair, and I felt that I could be of little service in identifying the culprit, so completely had his soft cap hidden his features. Moreover, the week spent in Paris had made my business at Marseilles very pressing. On the whole, taking all these facts into consideration, I think I was justified in beating a retreat. Somewhat to my astonishment, no search was made for me, and I arrived safely at my destination the following day, where I read in the newspapers a full account of the tragedy to which I had been an eye-witness. My weak-eyed neighbor, I found, was one of the prominent men of France—an officer of one of the great French banking houses—and had been on his way to Lyons with a large sum of money in his possession. He had placed his treasure carefully in the inner breast pocket of his coat, and here, with his hand continually upon it, he thought it would be secure, even if he were unwary enough to fall asleep. When his assailant had held his face close to him as he seized the roll of bills, the bank officer had recognized him as an English employee of some importance in his own bank. I regretted sincerely that the man should have been an Englishman, because the French are so ready to judge of a nation by any of its miserable representatives who may come within their personal experience. The next day's papers presented proof positive that the Englishman was the culprit; he had known that the journey was to be taken, that the funds were to be conveyed, and that the officer's eyesight was weak enough to make recognition next to an impossibility. Moreover, the day after the assault, he was not at his post in the banking house. All this evidence would have been enough to convict him, even though he had not been recognized by the weak-eyed bank-officer, and yet the detectives were at fault—not as to the proof but as to the man. They tracked him to the Gare de Lyon with great ease; in imagination they followed him into the carriage; they were wise as to all that happened therein; they described how he made the final leap with the greatest accuracy, but there they stopped! They did not back down either gradually or gracefully, but they simply stopped, with a force that threw them entirely off the track, and left them small prospects of getting on it again. Had the earth opened and swallowed him? Probably not; but had it done so his departure could hardly have been a subject of more conjecture than it was in the present instance. The infallible Javart no longer existed, and the Englishman, dead, alive, or otherwise, never was captured. Well, excepting the mysterious disappearance, it was a very ordinary affair; similar things have happened many times before, and probably they will continue to happen so long as railway carriages are constructed in the present fashion. Years rolled by, and the adventure ceased to occupy my thoughts; in fact, at the time on which the second part of my narrative opens all remembrance of it had almost passed from my mind.

PART II.

I am a shy, reserved, and sensitive man, and the longer I live the more firmly am I convinced that these qualities were born in me to remain with me forever. I have mixed with society and I have travelled; I have reasoned with myself, and in fact I have tried all the known remedies, yet my birthrights have always remained to be my tormentors. Though intensely affectionate by disposition I invariably shrink from a chance meeting with an acquaintance, and sometimes even with a friend—call it cowardice, call it shyness, call it what you will, only those who are like me will know all that I have suffered. If you have ever met with a man of my type, possessing the qualities referred to above, the chances are that you have remarked him to be a jealous man; how jealous you probably never realized, because it was his nature to conceal his sentiments, his emotions, and his passions from the public gaze. In this kind of men jealousy is often an incurable disease, for which he is entirely irresponsible, and, that you may do me justice, I beg that you will bear this in mind throughout the reading of this second part of my narrative.

Ah, how happy I was during the first days of my married life! Shall I ever forget them? But no! Why say anything on a theme which has been exhausted and exhausted again, by the genius, the sensible man and the fool? Grand total of my unsung rhapsody—my wife was beautiful, modest and accomplished. I do not say so because I thought so, but because all who knew her were of my opinion. Poor, perhaps, so far as money goes, but what of that? I, as assistant editor of a local newspaper, made money enough for

both, and to spare, and though my work was discouraging at times, and the hours of labor long, I was always cheered by the thought of the little wife whose eyes were never once permitted to feel drowsy until I was heard fumbling at the lock with my key at one or sometimes two o'clock in the morning. What if she had been a governess in the family of one of my chums? She was a lady by birth—yes, her father was a gentleman; if he was also a spendthrift, my love could hardly be blamed for that. So I took her from her modest position of governess, just as she was, and made her mistress of a little house in a quiet quarter of London town. The house was one of a new row, and the rent quite unexpectedly came within the sum I had mentally laid aside to cover this important item. Somewhere on your book shelves, if you read novels, you will find the rapture of my life described much better than any words of mine could describe it; therefore my version will not trouble you. One day when I had become persuaded that the remainder of my life was to be all sunshine, a neighbor spoke to me of Dr. Jerrold. "Dr. Jerrold!" I repeated. "I do not know the man."

"Nor do I; but you and he are likely to become better acquainted," said my informant. "I am told that the house next door to yours has been rented to him. They say he is a rising man."

Sure enough, the following Saturday Dr. Jerrold's sign appeared, and the trucks arrived with a heaping load of a little of everything. As that time my wife and I were interested in household goods, and we stood looking out of the window as the important operation of unloading was carried on, for Saturday was an off day with me, as my paper published no Sunday edition.

"Strange that Dr. Jerrold has not appeared on the scene," I remarked. "I suppose we may regard him as our family doctor—if we ever have the misfortune, or, in one certain case, the good fortune to need one. Here now comes a gentleman across the street who looks as though he might be an M. D. Who knows? Perhaps this is Dr. Jerrold himself."

I had been standing with my arm around my wife's waist, and as I spoke I felt her trembling under my clasp. I turned and looked at her—her face was deadly white, every vestige of color had departed from that usually ruddy cheek.

"What, Bella, are you ill, my dear?" I cried. "Why, why did you not tell me before?"

"Take me away," she said faintly. "Let me sit down. It is only faintness. It will pass. She could hardly support herself, so I lifted her in my arms and carried her to a sofa. The paleness of her face made my heart stand still, and, though I knew of many household remedies in a case like this, I did not dare to leave the room to search for them. A thought flashed across my mind; I stepped to the window, and saw the gentleman I had likened to a physician entering the house next door. I threw up the sash and called to him: "Dr. Jerrold, Dr. Jerrold!" and he looked in my direction.

"I beg your pardon," I continued, "but if you are a physician—"

"I am," he said, gravely. "Then for heaven's sake come here without one moment's delay; I am almost distracted."

He jumped over the railing which separated his plot of ground from mine, and stepped over my threshold. I was so excited that I seized his hand and wrung it as though he had been a friend of my boyhood. As I did so a peculiar expression passed over his face. He said nothing, he did nothing, only simply stared at me, and his face betrayed even more astonishment than the circumstances seemed to call for. Once I thought he was on the point of turning to go out, but I clutched at his coat. "My wife is ill," said I. "Look at her!" He entered the room and bent his eyes upon her, and again the same peculiar expression of surprise—still more marked this time—passed over his face. "Am I mad?" I asked myself. "or is he, or are we both mad together?" My wife had closed her eyes, and was lying very still. "Isabelle," said I, "Dr. Jerrold is here." No answer. I bent my head, and, not feeling her breath upon my cheek, I turned to the physician with a look that must have startled him.

"Is she dead?"

"She has only fainted." With a smile, at my ignorance perhaps. "She will recover in a few moments. You had better leave the room."

"Why?"

"Because you are in too nervous a state to stay. If I am not careful I shall have two fainting persons on my hands instead of one. Be sensible now and go out—but send your servant here. I always carry the remedies for such a simple case as this about my person—only do me the favor to retire, because I shall work better with you away."

I demurred at first, but he was too strong for me, when he remarked that my hesitation was wasting valuable time. I rang for our servant, and met her at the door as I was going out.

"Your mistress is very ill," said I, convinced of the truth of my words. "Obey the instructions of the doctor to the letter, and let me know as soon as she recovers." The girl stared—then bowed assent as she walked in.

I strode up and down the hall-way, around and around the kitchen, too nervous to sit still or stand still for a single moment. Once or twice I was on the point of putting my hand on the door-knob and walking in, but I repressed my impetuosity with an effort, and put my hand in my pocket instead.

At last, when it seemed to me that an age had passed, I heard the door open and my servant came out. I grasped her arm with considerable force.

"Well?"

"She is better. Her senses have come back. But the doctor says you must not go in for a few minutes. He will call on you as soon as he thinks it is well for you to come."

A pleasant thing for a man in my impatient frame of mind to listen to! Not, however, that I gave the request the least consideration. I went as quickly as pos-

sible and opened the door of the room where my wife lay; the door opened softly, giving forth no sound, and a screen stood before it, over the top of which I could just manage to see. As I looked over the top of that screen, the sight that presented itself to my eyes held me motionless with astonishment, for I knew not how long a time. My wife, lifeless only a few minutes before, fearfully pale even now, indeed, had raised herself from the sofa and placed both arms around the doctor's neck, and as I gazed she kissed her, not once, but time and time again. My first impulse was to dash down the screen and throw myself on the astonished scoundrel, but a moment's reflection caused me to think better of it; so I softly closed the door and retreated to the kitchen again. The vision once removed from my eyes, I began to doubt whether I had really seen it. I asked myself whether I might not be the victim of some freak of the imagination. Then the thought occurred to me that perhaps it was no delusion; perhaps my wife was still under the influence of her illness, and took Dr. Jerrold's form for mine; perhaps in her weakened condition she was not responsible for what she did.

Suddenly, as wild thoughts chased one another through my brain, a suspicion struck me with all the force of a blow. My wife, in whom I had put such perfect trust, might she not be false, and this man some discarded lover or, worse still, some lover who had discarded her? In a moment the conviction forced itself upon me, though I struggled to cast it off. I recalled the fact that she had first been attacked by her strange illness when I pointed out the man to her, and this now seemed to me all significant. I had always known that I was of a jealous nature, but until this moment I never realized the maddening influence, the irresistible strength and power that my weakness possessed over me.

At that moment I was no longer my own master—I was capable of anything—no crime could have been too great for me to commit. Fortunately, however, my rage was too great to permit me to satisfy it by any sudden revenge. It was not to my credit, whatever the law may say to the contrary, that I determined to watch, to wait, and to concoct a scheme which should amply avenge my torment and insulted spirit.

At length, when the doctor called me, I forced myself to look at him with peace in my eye. For once I played the hypocrite, and entered the room with a smile on my face.

"My darling," said I, "you frighten me; I am so glad to see you better."

"Yes, I am better now," she murmured, in some confusion, as I fancied.

"Doctor," I remarked, "my wife's first acquaintance with you has not begun under auspicious circumstances. I pointed you out to her in the street, and a moment afterward she was unable to stand."

I fixed my eyes on Isabelle as I spoke, and observed the color rise perceptibly in her cheeks; but the doctor only answered with a careless smile. "A queer coincidence. I hope our next meeting may not be attended with such unhappy results." He bowed himself out, and although I followed him to the door, I could not bring myself to grasp the hand he extended to me. I pretended not to see it, and he finally turned away with a slightly annoyed expression. From that day on I was mentally tortured, morning, noon, and night. Then it was that I realized how well Iago said:

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Dr. Jerrold, although our next-door neighbor, did not become very intimate with us, or with me at least; I often pressed him to call, in the slight hope that something would transpire to give me a clue to the mystery I was endeavoring to solve, but he invariably excused himself. His practice, he said, was daily increasing, and what little time he could spare from his patients was devoted to his books. However, one day I came home unexpectedly, and found him making a social call on my wife. Again I was wild with rage; again I restrained myself in the hope of finding some more severe punishment for his baseness than merely knocking him down.

At times during the next few weeks I felt almost persuaded of my wife's innocence; notwithstanding the mystery which I could not fathom, I was willing to believe that in the end she would come out as pure as I had always imagined her to be; but these were only stray moments of tranquillity; at the first attack of the demon my confidence would give way again.

I think I had seen Dr. Jerrold twenty times or more when the impression first came to me that I had seen him before—at some time previous to that day when he startled my wife. In vain I besought my memory to tell me where or when or under what circumstances Jerrold had known in my younger days, but none bore the slightest resemblance to the man in question. After a month's distracting effort I abandoned the attempt to place him.

One morning I found my wife in tears. "Isabelle," said I, "why do you weep? What is it?" She tried to smile.

"Sad thoughts will come at times, sad memories, and sometimes I think that such thoughts do me good."

"Are you not happy?"

"Happy! Oh, I am too happy—happier than I deserve to be. Often I feel that it is all too good to last. Often I feel as though—as though—I ought to tell you all!"

"All?" said I, as she hesitated, and my heart gave a great leap.

"All the troubles of my life before you came to me; for my life has not always been so cloudless as it is to-day."

"You should tell me all that has ever troubled you," said I, "if my sympathy could comfort you in the least."

"It would comfort me," she answered; "and I will tell you—but not now. Some day, perhaps, I will, but I cannot do it yet. Do not press me, for I am not equal to telling you to-day."

Seeing her determined, I did not insist; little did I then dream that before the sun rose twice again I was to know every par-

ticular of the trouble which was oppressing her—ay, paining her even as she spoke; and, strangest of all, not from her own lips.

This was the way it came about. Walking to my office immediately after the conversation recorded above, in a crowded thoroughfare, my eyes lighted by chance on an elderly gentleman with peculiar eyes; beautiful they were, and yet a certain something about them told me that those eyes were very, very weak. It is a most astonishing fact that as I stared at that gentleman in a breathless sort of way my thoughts were not upon him—no, they were far away—they were with Dr. Jerrold; they were with the man of the soft cap who had returned so suddenly from the land of dreams, to relieve his fellow passenger of a roll of bank notes. The truth flashed upon me, and under a mental effort, the instant the figure of this gentleman came within my range of vision; I recognized Dr. Jerrold as the robber, before I recognized the elderly gentleman as the robbed; it certainly was an involuntary action of the brain.

The discovery filled me with a wild satisfaction. I felt that I now possessed a power over this singular doctor. I could when I chose denounce him to the authorities and hold him up to the world at large as a criminal of the worst description. It seemed strange to me now that I had not recognized him before.

I stepped forward and tapped the weak-eyed gentleman on the shoulder. He turned and looked at me through his glasses, but, of course, without a sign of recognition.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but I think I cannot be mistaken. I think I once had the pleasure—that is to say, the pain—of beholding you in a very unfortunate situation."

"It is possible, sir," he said, with a slight accent and an ease which showed me that he spoke our language with confidence. "I do not know. Perhaps you will have the kindness to recall—"

"I will," said I. "You probably have not forgotten the day when some valuable papers were stolen from you by a man who leaped from the train in which you were, and has never since been found."

He seized both my hands in his.

"You!" he exclaimed, peering into my eyes. "You, ah, sir, you have changed."

"Indeed! I did not think you remarked me particularly at the time."

"I thank you," he went on without listening to me, "for the proof you have so recently given me of your reformation. Oh, it was noble in you after running such risk. Do not fear. I will never betray you. So long as I live you are safe from the police. But tell me how you managed to escape death, on leaping from that train. It has seemed wonderful to me."

"You misunderstand me, sir," I said. "I am not the man who robbed you, I am the man who saw you robbed, and who is now willing to aid you in bringing the scoundrel who assaulted you to justice."

From that moment the gentleman's interest in me decreased. I distinctly saw it disappear from his weak eyes. As the robber he admired me; as the witness I saw in an instant that I failed to hold his attention. He dropped my hand with an air of disappointment, as though, never having nearly strangled him, it was unworthy to be held in this.

"Ah, I understand," he said. "Yes, I see; you acted badly, sir. You should have come forward at the time. You made me any amount of trouble by deserting me, and your aid is of little use to me now."

"I regret it. But why, if I may ask?"

"I will explain. Because the money that was stolen has been repaid."

"Repaid?" I repeated.

"With interest. I received the entire amount more than six months ago. It was paid to my bankers to my credit, and a letter was left to be delivered with the money—a letter without a signature."

"You astonish me, sir," said I. "It is more than strange that a man so desperate in his manner of obtaining money should have taken the trouble to repay it."

"The anonymous letter explained that. The writer told me that he had been a gambler, and at the time he was in my employ he had been heavily in debt. The more he played the heavier his losses became, and with ruin staring him in the face, he resolved to secure a sufficient sum to enable him to escape from France and to live comfortably afterward, or, perish in the attempt. But I am tiring you."

"Pardon me, sir; you are interesting me more than I dare say. I beg you to continue."

"Well, the writer admitted that his escape was miraculous. He had thrown himself violently forward in the direction that the train was going, and had struck on soft ground. Beyond a shock and a heavy fall he was uninjured. Picking himself up, he ran to the woods, and after numerous adventures escaped out of France into—, he neglected to state where. Again his love of gaming proved too strong for him. This time his luck was better, and having won largely he took pleasure in restoring the property of which he had so rudely deprived me. Then he begged me forgiveness, and so on, and so on, and that was all."

I said not a word, and the gentleman continued:

"Of course, after this, I should not think of attempting to punish him, even if I knew where to look for him, and therefore, I must decline your aid. I thank you, sir, nevertheless. When next you are in France I may be of service to you. Here is my card. Good morning, sir."

He extended his hand, and I fear I let him depart with but a slight pressure, as perplexed was I by the sudden turn my affairs had taken.

I went on to my office, and worked with an excitement and energy which accomplished wonders. I had now determined to put an end once for all to doubt, even though I opened the way to greater misery. I had determined to tell my wife that very night all that I had seen and all that I knew, and then demand an explanation. So rapidly did I work that

the paper went to press a half-hour earlier than usual. The night was cold, and I stepped into the tavern near the office, thinking that something hot would tend to make me walk homeward rather more comfortable, and at the same time encourage me to meet the coming ordeal. I followed up something hot with something hotter still, and then set out, walking briskly. Perhaps it was because something hot was a little stronger than usual; perhaps it was because I had eaten a light dinner that night; but certain it is that I was feeling slightly elated, and perhaps somewhat confused, as I turned into the street where I lived; not drunk by any means, not even tipsy; I could walk in a straight line without difficulty; but my head was a trifle cloudy.

I remember that, after I opened the door with my latchkey I was surprised at finding myself in total darkness, for it had been my wife's custom to leave a dim light burning to guide me to the stairs. However, I knew the way well enough, and after some groping and one or two collisions with the wall I arrived at the stairway and began to ascend. Suddenly a figure bearing a lighted candle appeared above me, and instead of it being Isabelle, what was my astonishment when I recognized Dr. Jerrold. My rage at discovering him in my house at this time of the night was ungovernable. With an inward curse I felt for the revolver which I invariably carried at night for protection. "Who are you?" asked Dr. Jerrold. "Stop right where you are. Advance at your peril." I continued to advance, and he descended rapidly the few steps that separated us, and threw his powerful frame upon me, his action of course extinguishing the candle. "Vile sinner!" I cried. "Prepare to meet your Maker, to answer for your crimes!"

I felt his nervous hand upon my throat, and—madman that I was—I placed the pistol's muzzle against his side and pulled the trigger. The effect was instantaneous—a strange relinquishing of the grasp upon my throat, a moan, and a heavy fall. The next instant remorse burst in upon me. Whatever the provocation, I would have given all I possessed to undo what could not be undone.

The sound of footsteps above assured me that the house was aroused. For a moment, but only a moment, I thought of endeavoring to escape. Then, my better sense prevailing, I determined to hold my ground and await my wife's appearance. The footsteps continued to come nearer, and at length a man appeared carrying a lighted lamp, and I recognized in him Dr. Jerrold's valet. Something unfamiliar in the surroundings impressed me now for the first time, and I looked around more critically. The disposition of the rooms and stairway was the same, but the wall-paper differed in color from that in my house.

I wonder whether any living man can form any conception of the horror that crept over me when I realized that instead of shooting an intruder I had shot a peaceable man in his own home, who had only been anxious to resent an invasion of his property by night. My cup of trouble, of sorrow, of remorse, seemed too full. I must have staggered, for the doctor's valet threw out his arm as though to save me from falling.

"What does this mean," he said—"crime or a mistake."

"Both," I answered. "Yet do not alarm the house, for as heaven is my witness I am innocent."

"Innocent! Of what? Who accused you?"

"Silence!" I cried fiercely. "Assist me to lift him up."

"The bewildered valet obeyed mechanically, and we carried the doctor to his room and laid him on the bed, when I discovered to my joy that he still breathed."

"Now," said I to the valet, "run as fast as your legs can be made to carry you, and bring a surgeon here."

Still bewildered he departed; perhaps he had been gone five minutes when I was astonished to see Jerrold open his eyes and look at me with the light of perfect consciousness in them.

"So," he said faintly, "you are the man who shot me. Very well, you will be hanged for your pains."

I threw myself on my knees at his side.

"Dr. Jerrold, listen to me, for I speak the simple truth. I swear to you that when I fired that shot I believed myself in my own house; and I was so wild with rage at having my suspicions of my wife's infidelity confirmed that I knew not what I did. Though you have so deeply, irreparably injured me—you see that I know all—I still crave your forgiveness for this unfortunate mistake."

He raised himself with a vigor which I should not have expected from a man in so much pain.

"Your wife's infidelity! I injured you! Have your senses left you? Are you mad?"

"It is useless to attempt to deceive me longer," I cried. "I have been an eye-witness to your guilty, impassioned kisses. Ay! I have known all from the first, but I do not plead the knowledge in excuse for what has happened this night."

"You suspect as pure a woman as ever breathed! How dare you even whisper the vile thoughts that have passed through your diseased brain? Oh, you fool! So you have taken me to be the lover of my own sister—yes, my own sister, I say; so I am, in one sense; I have loved her all my life better than any other living woman—would you dispute my right to love her now?"

I literally shrank back from his words. In the face of this great revelation I felt more guilt on my soul than I had ever supposed I could feel and live.

"Then what demon possessed you to adopt secrecy?" I asked, finding my tongue at length. "Oh, why did you not tell me at first?"

"I had my reason, but since you are as much in my power as I can ever be in yours, I will tell you what a fool you are, I will tell you my reason. There! Are you satisfied? I will tell you my reason. Years ago you were riding in a

French railway carriage, when a man jumped out. Is that so?"

"At the time you thought he must have been killed. Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Well, he was not killed. I am the man! I escaped—never mind how. I escaped to England. I was ashamed to go back to my family, so I disguised myself somewhat and quietly studied medicine under an assumed name, and I finally became a physician. All went well until that day when I first saw you as my sister's husband. My sister penetrated my disguise in an instant, and you know how the sight of me affected her. Until that moment she had not the least idea that her disgraced brother was in England. I recognized you before I had fairly entered your house, but I also saw that you did not recognize me. I managed you will remember, so that my sister and I were left alone; then I told her my truth. I told her that for me you were the most dangerous husband she could have found. Now just consider, if I had declared myself to be your brother-in-law, would you not have thought it rather strange that you never heard of me before? Would you not have asked embarrassing questions? Would not all your wondering have led you in the end to recall where you had seen me before? Perhaps you understand my reason for concealment now."

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MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 18th day of March, A. D. 1884, made and executed by Hugh McCarrrow, of Detroit, in and for the County of Michigan, to Robert Robinson, of said County of Michigan, the son of the same party, as mortgagor, and said County of Michigan, as mortgagee, on the 18th day of March, 1884, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County of Michigan, in and for said County of Michigan, in book 129, page 196 of mortgages, on page 192, and whereof the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Robert Robinson to Elizabeth Hayes, of Detroit, in and for said County of Michigan, as mortgagee, on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County of Michigan, in and for said County of Wayne on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1884, in book 83, in list 83 of a signments of mortgages, on page 188, and the same is now owned by said Elizabeth Hayes. The description of

mortgaged premises described in said mortgage is as follows: Lot numbered one hundred and sixty-nine (169) of Baxter's Subdivision of lot one (1), block fifty-four (54) private claim number six hundred and nine (609) of said Joseph Campan farm, in the said city of Detroit, according to the registered plat of lots 60 and 54 private claim 609 Hamtramck, dated February 24th 1875, and recorded February 24th 1875, in book three of Plats, Wayne County Records, on page 81; there is no record of said mortgage on said mortgage the sum of seven dollars. No proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the amount of said mortgage, or any part thereof; now, therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in the said mortgage contained therein, I, the undersigned, as such made and provided, I shall on the thir-

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teenth day of January, 1884, at 10 o'clock at noon, at the eastern corner of the City Hall, in the said City of Detroit (that being the building wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne is held) sell at public auction to the highest bidder therefor the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on the said mortgage, together with the costs and expenses of sale allowed by law and an attorney fee as provided for in said mortgage.

Dated Detroit, October 6th, 1884.

G. X. M. COLLIER, ELIZABETH HAYES,
Attorney for Assignee. Assignee.

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